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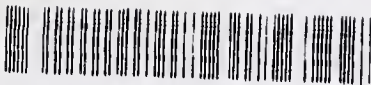
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APRIL AIRS

A Book of New England Lyrics

BLISS CARMAN



BOSTON

SMALL, MAYNARD AND COMPANY

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APRIL AIRS

THE DESERTED PASTURE.

I LOVE the stony pasture
That no one else will have.
The old gray rocks so friendly seem,
So durable and brave.

In tranquil contemplation
It watches through the year,
Seeing the frosty stars arise,
The slender moons appear.

Its music is the rain-wind,
Its choristers the birds,
And there are secrets in its heart
Too wonderful for words.

It keeps the bright-eyed creatures
That play about its walls,
Though long ago its milking herds
Were banished from their stalls.

Only the children come there,
For buttercups in May,
Or nuts in autumn, where it lies
Dreaming the hours away.

Long since its strength was given
To making good increase,
And now its soul is turned again
To beauty and to peace.

There in the early springtime
The violets are blue,
And adder-tongues in coats of gold
Are garmented anew.

*The
Deserted
Pasture.*

There bayberry and aster
Are crowded on its floors,
When marching summer halts to praise
The Lord of Out-of-doors.

And there October passes
In gorgeous livery, —
In purple ash, and crimson oak,
And golden tulip tree.

And when the winds of winter
Their bugle blasts begin,
The snowy hosts of heaven arrive
To pitch their tents therein.

THE OLD GRAY WALL.

TIME out of mind I have stood
Fronting the frost and the sun,
That the dream of the world might endure,
And the goodly will be done.

Did the hand of the builder guess,
As he laid me stone by stone,
A heart in the granite lurked,
Patient and fond as his own?

Lovers have leaned on me
Under the summer moon,
And mowers laughed in my shade
In the harvest heat at noon.

Children roving the fields
With early flowers in spring,
Old men turning to look,
When they heard a bluebird sing,

*The Old
Gray Wall.*

And travellers along the road
From rising to setting sun,
Have seen, yet imagined not
The kindness they gazed upon.

Ah, when will ye understand,
Mortals, — nor deem it odd, —
Who rests on this old gray wall
Lays a hand on the shoulder of God !

BLOODROOT.

✓
WHEN April winds arrive
And the soft rains are here,
Some morning by the roadside
These gipsy folk appear.

We never see their coming,
However sharp our eyes;
Each year as if by magic
They take us by surprise.

Along the ragged woodside
And by the green spring-run,
Their small white heads are nodding
And twinkling in the sun.

Bloodroot. They crowd across the meadow
In innocence and mirth,
As if there were no sorrow
In all the lovely earth.

So frail, so unregarded, —
And yet about them clings
That exquisite perfection,
The soul of common things !

Think you the springing pastures
Their starry vigil kept,
To hear along the midnight
Some message, while we slept ?

How else should spring requicken
Such glory in the sod ?
I guess that trail of beauty
Is where the angel trod.

EARTH VOICES.

I
I HEARD the spring wind whisper
Above the brushwood fire,
“The world is made forever
Of transport and desire.

“I am the breath of being,
The primal urge of things ;
I am the whirl of star dust,
I am the lift of wings.

"I am the splendid impulse
That comes before the thought,
The joy and exaltation
Wherein the life is caught.

*Earth
Voices.*

✓ "Across the sleeping furrows
I call the buried seed,
And blade and bud and blossom
Awaken at my need.

"Within the dying ashes
I blow the sacred spark,
And make the hearts of lovers
To leap against the dark."

II

I heard the spring light whisper
Above the dancing stream,
"The world is made forever
In likeness of a dream.

"I am the law of planets,
I am the guide of man;
The evening and the morning
Are fashioned to my plan.

"I tint the dawn with crimson,
I tinge the sea with blue;
My track is in the desert,
My trail is in the dew.

"I paint the hills with color,
And in my magic dome
I light the star of evening
To steer the traveller home.

*Earth
Voices.*

“Within the house of being,
I feed the lamp of truth
With tales of ancient wisdom
And prophecies of youth.”

III

I heard the spring rain murmur
Above the roadside flower,
“The world is made forever
In melody and power.

“I keep the rhythmic measure
That marks the steps of time,
And all my toil is fashioned
To symmetry and rhyme.

“I plow the untilled upland,
I ripe the seeding grass,
And fill the leafy forest
With music as I pass.

“I hew the raw rough granite
To loveliness of line,
And when my work is finished,
Behold, it is divine !

“I am the master-builder
In whom the ages trust.
I lift the lost perfection
To blossom from the dust.”

IV

*Earth
Voices.*

Then Earth to them made answer,
As with a slow refrain
Born of the blended voices
Of wind and sun and rain,

"This is the law of being
That links the threefold chain:
The life we give to beauty
Returns to us again."

NOW IS THE TIME OF YEAR.

NOW is the time of year
When all the flutes begin,—
The redwing bold and clear,
The rainbird far and thin.

In all the waking lands
There's not a wilding thing
But knows and understands
The burden of the spring.

Now every voice alive
By rocky wood and stream
Is lifted to revive
The ecstasy, the dream.

For Nature, never old,
But busy as of yore,
From sun and rain and mould
Is making spring once more.

*Now is the
Time of Year.* She sounds her magic note
By river-marge and hill,
And every woodland throat
Re-echoes with a thrill.

O mother of our days,
Hearing thy music call,
Teach us to know thy ways
And fear no more at all!

✓ NOW THE LILAC TREE'S IN BUD.

NOW the lilac tree 's in bud,
And the morning birds are loud.
Now a stirring in the blood
Moves the heart of every crowd.

Word has gone abroad somewhere
Of a great impending change.
There's a message in the air
Of an import glad and strange.

Not an idler in the street,
But is better off to-day.
Not a traveller you meet,
But has something wise to say.

Now there's not a road too long,
Not a day that is not good,
Not a mile but hears a song
Lifted from the misty wood.

Down along the Silvermine
That 's the blackbird's cheerful note !
You can see him flash and shine
With the scarlet on his coat.

*Now the Lilac
Tree's in Bud*

Now the winds are soft with rain,
And the twilight has a spell,
Who from gladness could refrain
Or with olden sorrows dwell ?

THE REDWING.

I HEAR you, Brother, I hear you,
Down in the alder swamp,
Springing your woodland whistle
To herald the April pomp !

First of the moving vanguard,
In front of the spring you come,
Where flooded waters sparkle
And streams in the twilight hum.

You sound the note of the chorus
By meadow and woodland pond,
Till, one after one up-piping,
A myriad throats respond.

I see you, Brother, I see you,
With scarlet under your wing,
Flash through the ruddy maples,
Leading the pageant of spring.

*The Red-
wing.*

Earth has put off her raiment
Wintry and worn and old,
For the robe of a fair young sibyl,
Dancing in green and gold.

I heed you, Brother. To-morrow
I, too, in the great employ,
Will shed my old coat of sorrow
For a brand-new garment of joy.

✓
AN APRIL MORNING.

ONCE more in misted April
The world is growing green.
Along the winding river
The plumey willows lean.

Beyond the sweeping meadows
The looming mountains rise,
Like battlements of dreamland
Against the brooding skies.

In every wooded valley
The buds are breaking through,
As though the heart of all things
No languor ever knew.

The golden-wings and bluebirds
Call to their heavenly choirs.
The pines are blued and drifted
With smoke of brushwood fires.

And in my sister's garden
Where little breezes run,
The golden daffodillies
Are blowing in the sun.

*An April
Morning.*

THE SOUL OF APRIL.

O VER the wintry threshold
Who comes with joy to-day,
So frail, yet so enduring,
To triumph o'er dismay?

Ah, quick her tears are springing,
And quickly they are dried,
For sorrow walks before her,
But gladness walks beside.

She comes with gusts of laughter, —
The music as of rills;
With tenderness and sweetness, —
The wisdom of the hills.

Her hands are strong to comfort,
Her heart is quick to heed.
She knows the signs of sadness,
She knows the voice of need.

There is no living creature,
However poor or small,
But she will know its trouble,
And hasten to its call.

*The Soul
of April.*

Oh, well they fare forever,
By mighty dreams possessed,
Whose hearts have lain a moment
On that eternal breast.

THE RAINBIRD.

I HEAR a rainbird singing
Far off. How fine and clear
His plaintive voice comes ringing
With rapture to the ear!

Over the misty wood-lots,
Across the first spring heat,
Comes the enchanted cadence,
So clear, so solemn-sweet.

How often I have hearkened
To that high pealing strain
Across wild cedar barrens,
Under the soft gray rain!

How often I have wondered,
And longed in vain to know
The source of that enchantment,
That touch of human woe!

O brother, who first taught thee
To haunt the teeming spring
With that sad mortal wisdom
Which only age can bring?

LAMENT.

WHEN you hear the white-throat pealing
From a tree-top far away,
And the hills are touched with purple
At the borders of the day ;

When the redwing sounds his whistle
At the coming on of spring,
And the joyous April pipers
Make the alder marshes ring ;

When the wild new breath of being
Whispers to the world once more,
And before the shrine of beauty
Every spirit must adore ;

When long thoughts come back with twilight,
And a tender deepened mood
Shows the eyes of the beloved
Like hepaticas in the wood ;

Ah, remember, when to nothing
Save to love your heart gives heed,
And spring takes you to her bosom, —
So it was with Golden Weed !

THRENODY FOR A POET.

NOT in the ancient abbey,
Nor in the city ground,
Not in the lonely mountains,
Nor in the blue profound,
Lay him to rest when his time is come
And the smiling mortal lips are dumb ;

*Threnody
for a Poet.*

But here in the decent quiet
Under the whispering pines,
Where the dogwood breaks in blossom
And the peaceful sunlight shines,
Where wild birds sing and ferns unfold,
When spring comes back in her green and gold.

And when that mortal likeness
Has been dissolved by fire,
Say not above the ashes,
"Here ends a man's desire."
For every year when the bluebirds sing,
He shall be part of the lyric spring.

Then dreamful-hearted lovers
Shall hear in wind and rain
The cadence of his music,
The rhythm of his refrain,
For he was a blade of the April sod
That bowed and blew with the whisper of God.

UNDER THE APRIL MOON.

O H, well the world is dreaming
Under the April moon,
Her soul in love with beauty,
Her senses all a-swoon !

Pure hangs the silver crescent
Above the twilight wood,
And pure the silver music
Wakes from the marshy flood.

O Earth, with all thy transport, *Under the*
How comes it life should seem *April*
A shadow in the moonlight, *Moon.*
A murmur in a dream?

SPRING NIGHT.

I N the wondrous star-sown night,
In the first sweet warmth of spring,
I lie awake and listen
To hear the glad earth sing.

I hear the brook in the wood
Murmuring, as it goes,
The song of the happy journey
Only the wise heart knows.

I hear the trilling note
Of the tree-frog under the hill,
And the clear and watery treble
Of his brother, silvery shrill.

And then I wander away
Through the mighty forest of Sleep,
To follow the fairy music
To the shore of an endless deep.

IN EARLY MAY.

O MY dear, the world to-day
Is more lovely than a dream!
Magic hints from far away
Haunt the woodland, and the stream
Murmurs in his rocky bed
Things that never can be said.

In Early May. Starry dogwood is in flower,
Gleaming through the mystic woods.
It is beauty's perfect hour
In the wild spring solitudes.
Now the orchards in full blow
Shed their petals white as snow.

All the air is honey-sweet
With the lilacs white and red,
Where the blossoming branches meet
In an arbor overhead.
And the laden cherry trees
Murmur with the hum of bees.

All the earth is fairy green,
And the sunlight filmy gold,
Full of ecstasies unseen,
Full of mysteries untold.
Who would not be out-of-door,
Now the spring is here once more !

FIREFLIES.

THE fireflies across the dusk
Are flashing signals through the gloom —
Courageous messengers of light
That dare immensities of doom.

About the seeding meadow-grass,
Like busy watchmen in the street,
They come and go, they turn and pass,
Lighting the way for Beauty's feet.

Or up they float on viewless wings *Fireflies.*
To twinkle high among the trees,
And rival with soft glimmerings
The shining of the Pleiades.

The stars that wheel above the hill
Are not more wonderful to see,
Nor the great tasks that they fulfil
More needed in eternity.

THE GARDEN OF DREAMS.

MY heart is a garden of dreams
Where you walk when day is done,
Fair as the royal flowers,
Calm as the lingering sun.

Never a drouth comes there,
Nor any frost that mars,
Only the wind of love
Under the early stars, —

The living breath that moves
Whispering to and fro,
Like the voice of God in the dusk
Of the garden long ago.

GARDEN SHADOWS.

WHEN the dawn winds whisper
To the standing corn,
And the rose of morning
From the dark is born,
All my shadowy garden
Seems to grow aware
Of a fragrant presence,
Half expected there.

In the golden shimmer
Of the burning noon,
When the birds are silent
And the poppies swoon,
Once more I behold her
Smile and turn her face,
With its infinite regard,
Its immortal grace.

When the twilight silvers
Every nodding flower,
And the new moon hallows
The first evening hour,
Is it not her footfall
Down the garden walks,
Where the drowsy blossoms
Slumber on their stalks?

In the starry quiet,
When the soul is free,
And a vernal message
Stirs the lilac tree,
Surely I have felt her
Pass and brush my cheek,
With the eloquence of love
That does not need to speak!

GARDEN MAGIC.

WITHIN my stone-walled garden
(I see her standing now,
Uplifted in the twilight,
With glory on her brow!)

I love to walk at evening
And watch, when winds are low,
The new moon in the tree-tops,
Because she loved it so!

And there entranced I listen,
While flowers and winds confer,
And all their conversation
Is redolent of her.

I love the trees that guard it,
Upstanding and serene,
So noble, so undaunted,
Because that was her mien.

I love the brook that bounds it,
Because its silver voice
Is like her bubbling laughter
That made the world rejoice.

I love the golden jonquils,
Because she used to say,
If Soul could choose a color
It would be clothed as they.

I love the blue-gray iris,
Because her eyes were blue,
Sea-deep and heaven-tender
In meaning and in hue.

*Garden
Magic.*

I love the small wild roses,
Because she used to stand
Adoringly above them
And bless them with her hand.

These were her boon companions.
But more than all the rest
I love the April lilac,
Because she loved it best.

Soul of undying rapture!
How love's enchantment clings,
With sorcery and fragrance,
About familiar things!

A NEW ENGLAND JUNE.

*THESE things I remember
Of New England June,
Like a vivid day-dream
In the azure noon,
While one haunting figure
Strays through every scene,
Like the soul of beauty
Through her lost demesne.*

Gardens full of roses
And peonies a-blow
In the dewy morning,
Row on stately row,
Spreading their gay patterns,
Crimson, pied and cream,
Like some gorgeous fresco
Or an Eastern dream.

Nets of waving sunlight
Falling through the trees ;
Fields of gold-white daisies
Rippling in the breeze ;
Lazy lifting groundswells,
Breaking green as jade
On the lilac beaches,
Where the shore-birds wade.

*A New
England
June.*

Orchards full of blossom,
Where the bob-white calls
And the honeysuckle
Climbs the old gray walls ;
Groves of silver birches,
Beds of roadside fern,
In the stone-fenced pasture
At the river's turn.

*Out of every picture
Still she comes to me
With the morning freshness
Of the summer sea, —
A glory in her bearing,
A sea-light in her eyes,
As if she could not forget
The spell of Paradise.*

Thrushes in the deep woods,
With their golden themes,
Fluting like the choirs
At the birth of dreams.
Fireflies in the meadows
At the gate of Night,
With their fairy lanterns
Twinkling soft and bright.

*A New
England
June.*

Ah, not in the roses,
Nor the azure noon,
Nor the thrushes' music,
Lies the soul of June.
It is something finer,
More unfading far,
Than the primrose evening
And the silver star ;

Something of the rapture
My beloved had,
When she made the morning
Radiant and glad, —
Something of her gracious
Ecstasy of mien,
That still haunts the twilight,
Loving though unseen.

*When the ghostly moonlight
Walks my garden ground,
Like a leisurely patrol
On his nightly round,
These things I remember
Of the long ago,
While the slumbrous roses
Neither care nor know.*

ROADSIDE FLOWERS.

WE are the roadside flowers,
Straying from garden grounds, —
Lovers of idle hours,
Breakers of ordered bounds.

If only the earth will feed us,
If only the wind be kind,
We blossom for those who need us,
The stragglers left behind.

*Roadside
Flowers.*

And lo, the Lord of the Garden,
He makes his sun to rise,
And his rain to fall like pardon
On our dusty paradise.

On us he has laid the duty, —
The task of the wandering breed, —
To better the world with beauty,
Wherever the way may lead.

Who shall inquire of the season,
Or question the wind where it blows?
We blossom and ask no reason.
The Lord of the Garden knows.

THE GARDEN OF SAINT ROSE.

THIS is a holy refuge,
The garden of Saint Rose,
A fragrant altar to that peace
The world no longer knows.

Below a solemn hillside,
Within the folding shade
Of overhanging beech and pine
Its walls and walks are laid.

*The Gar-
den of
Saint
Rose.*

Cool through the heat of summer,
Still as a sacred grove,
It has the rapt unworldly air
Of mystery and love.

All day before its outlook
The mist-blue mountains loom,
And in its trees at tranquil dusk
The early stars will bloom.

Down its enchanted borders
Glad ranks of color stand,
Like hosts of silent seraphim
Awaiting love's command.

Lovely in adoration
They wait in patient line,
Snow-white and purple and deep gold
About the rose-gold shrine.

And there they guard the silence,
While still from her recess
Through sun and shade Saint Rose looks down
In mellow loveliness.

She seems to say, "O stranger,
Behold how loving care
That gives its life for beauty's sake,
Makes everything more fair!

"Then praise the Lord of gardens
For tree and flower and vine,
And bless all gardeners who have wrought
A resting place like mine!"

SONGS OF THE GRASS.

I

ON THE DUNES.

HERE all night on the dunes
In the rocking wind we sleep,
Watched by the sentry stars,
Lulled by the drone of the deep.

Till hark, in the chill of the dawn
A field lark wakes and cries,
And over the floor of the sea
We watch the round sun rise.

The world is washed once more
In a tide of purple and gold,
And the heart of the land is filled
With desires and dreams untold.

II

LORD OF MORNING.

Lord of morning, light of day,
Sacred color-kindling sun,
We salute thee in the way, —
Pilgrims robed in rose and dun.

For thou art a pilgrim too,
Overlord of all our band.
In thy fervor we renew
Quests we do not understand.

At thy summons we arise,
At thy touch put glory on,
And with glad unanxious eyes
Take the journey thou hast gone.

III

THE TRAVELLER.

Before the night-blue fades
And the stars are quite gone,
I lift my head
At the noiseless tread
Of the angel of dawn.

I hear no word, yet my heart
Is beating apace;
Then in glory all still
On the eastern hill
I behold his face.

All day through the world he goes,
Making glad, setting free;
Then his day's work done,
On the galleon sun
He sinks in the sea.

THE WEED'S COUNSEL.

*SAID a traveller by the way
Pausing, "What hast thou to say,
Flower by the dusty road,
That would ease a mortal's load?"*

Traveller, hearken unto me!
I will tell thee how to see
Beauties in the earth and sky
Hidden from the careless eye.
I will tell thee how to hear
Nature's music wild and clear,—
Songs of midday and of dark
Such as many never mark,
Lyrics of creation sung
Ever since the world was young.

And thereafter thou shalt know
Neither weariness nor woe.

*The
Weed's
Counsel.*

Thou shalt see the dawn unfold
Artistries of rose and gold,
And the sunbeams on the sea
Dancing with the wind for glee.
The red lilies of the moors
Shall be torches on the floors,
Where the field-lark lifts his cry
To rejoice the passer-by,
In a wide world rimmed with blue
Lovely as when time was new.

And thereafter thou shalt fare
Light of foot and free from care.

I will teach thee how to find
Lost enchantments of the mind
All about thee, never guessed
By indifferent unrest.
Thy distracted thought shall learn
Patience from the roadside fern,
And a sweet philosophy
From the flowering locust tree,—
While thy heart shall not disdain
The consolation of the rain.

Not an acre but shall give
Of its strength to help thee live.

With the many-wintered sun
Shall thy hardy course be run.
And the bright new moon shall be
A lamp to thy felicity.

*The
Weed's
Counsel.*

When green-mantled spring shall come
Past thy door with flute and drum,
And when over wood and swamp
Autumn trails her scarlet pomp,
No misgiving shalt thou know,
Passing glad to rise and go.

So thy days shall be unrolled
Like a wondrous cloth of gold.

When gray twilight with her star
Makes a heaven that is not far,
Touched with shadows and with dreams,
Thou shalt hear the woodland streams
Singing through the starry night
Holy anthems of delight.
So the ecstasy of earth
Shall refresh thee as at birth,
And thou shalt arise each morn
Radiant with a soul reborn.

And this wisdom of a day
None shall ever take away.

What the secret, what the clew
The wayfarer must pursue?
Only one thing he must have
Who would share these transports brave.
Love within his heart must dwell
Like a bubbling roadside well,
For a spring to quicken thought,
Else my counsel comes to naught.
For without that quickening trust
We are less than roadside dust.

This, O traveller, is my creed, —
All the wisdom of the weed !

*The
Weed's
Counsel.*

*Then the traveller set his pack
Once more on his dusty back,
And trudged on for many a mile
Fronting fortune with a smile.*

LOCKERBIE STREET.

FOR THE BIRTHDAY OF JAMES WHITCOMB
RILEY, OCTOBER 7, 1914.

LOCKERBIE STREET is a little street,
Just one block long ;
But the days go there with a magical air,
The whole year long.
The sun in his journey across the sky
Slows his car as he passes by ;
The sighing wind and the grieving rain
Change their tune and cease to complain ;
And the birds have a wonderful call that seems
Like a street-cry out of the land of dreams ;
For there the real and the make-believe meet.
Time does not hurry in Lockerbie Street.

Lockerbie Street is a little street,
Only one block long ;
But the moonlight there is strange and fair
All the year long,
As ever it was in old romance,
When fairies would sing and fauns would dance,
Proving this earth is subject still
To a blithesome wonder-working Will,

*Lockerbie
Street.*

Spreading beauty over the land,
That every beholder may understand
How glory shines round the Mercy-seat.
That is the gospel of Lockerbie Street.

Lockerbie Street is a little street,
Only one block long,
A little apart, yet near the heart
Of the city's throng.
If you are a stranger looking to find
Respite and cheer for soul and mind,
And have lost your way, and would inquire
For a street that will lead to Heart's Desire, —
To a place where the spirit is never old,
And gladness and love are worth more than
gold, —
Ask the first boy or girl you meet!
Everyone knows where is Lockerbie Street.

Lockerbie Street is a little street,
Only one block long;
But never a street in all the world,
In story or song,
Is better beloved by old and young;
For there a poet has lived and sung,
Wise as an angel, glad as a bird,
Fearless and fond in every word,
Many a year. And if you would know
The secret of joy and the cure of woe, —
How to be gentle and brave and sweet, —
Ask your way to Lockerbie Street.

A PORTRAIT.

A. M. M.

BEHOLD her sitting in the sun
This lovely April morn,
As eager with the breath of life
As daffodils new-born !
A priestess of the toiling earth,
Yet kindred to the spheres,
A touch of the eternal spring
Is over all her years.

No fashion frets her dignity,
Untrammeled, debonair ;
A fold of lace about her throat
Falls from her whitening hair.
A seraph visiting the earth
Might wear that fearless guise,
The heartening regard of such
All-comprehending eyes.

How comes she by preëminence,
Desired, beloved, revered ?
Heroic living gained those heights
Through ills she never feared.
A spirit kindly as the dew
And daring as a flame,
With a distinguished, reckless wit
No eighty years could tame.

A mother of the Spartan strain,
She held self-rule and sway,
And single-handed braved the world
And bore the prize away.
No task too humble for her skill,
No worthy way too long ;
She filled her work with ecstasy
And crowned it with a song.

*A Por-
trait.*

The treasures she most dearly prized
Were of the rarest kind —
A gentle fortitude of soul
And honesty of mind.
To feed, to clothe, to teach, to cheer,
To guard and guide and save —
These were her fine accomplishments,
To these her best she gave.

With ringing word and instant cure
She draws from far and near
The gay, the witty, the forlorn,
Priest, artist, beggar, seer.
Unhesitant and sure they come,
Hearing the human call,
As of a mighty motherhood
That understands them all.

Ungrudging, without grief, she lives
Each charged potential hour,
Holding her loftiness of aim
With agelessness of power.
Immortal friendship, great with years!
She shames the faltering,
And heartens every struggling hope,
Like hyacinths in spring!

A REMEMBRANCE.

HERE in lovely New England
When summer is come, a sea-turn
Flutters a page of remembrance
In the volume of long ago.

Soft is the wind over Grand Pré,
Stirring the heads of the grasses,
Sweet is the breath of the orchards
White with their apple-blow.

*A Remem-
brance.*

There at their infinite business
Of measuring time forever,
Murmuring songs of the sea,
The great tides come and go.

Over the dikes and the uplands
Wander the great cloud shadows,
Strange as the passing of sorrow,
Beautiful, solemn, and slow.

For, spreading her old enchantment
Of tender ineffable wonder,
Summer is there in the Northland !
How should my heart not know ?

OFF MONOMOY.

HAVE you sailed Nantucket Sound
By lightship, buoy, and bell,
And lain becalmed at noon
On an oily summer swell ?

Lazily drooped the sail,
Moveless the pennant hung,
Sagging over the rail
Idle the main boom swung ;

Off Monomoy.

The sea, one mirror of shine
A single breath would destroy,
Save for the far low line
Of treacherous Monomoy.

Yet eastward there toward Spain,
What castled cities rise
From the Atlantic plain,
To our enchanted eyes!

Turret and spire and roof
Looming out of the sea,
Where the prosy chart gives proof
No cape nor isle can be!

Can a vision shine so clear
Wherein no substance dwells?
One almost harks to hear
The sound of the city's bells.

And yet no pealing notes
Within those belfries be,
Save echoes from the throats
Of ship-bells lost at sea.

For none shall anchor there
Save those who long of yore,
When tide and wind were fair,
Sailed and came back no more.

And none shall climb the stairs
Within those ghostly towers,
Save those for whom sad prayers
Went up through fateful hours.

O image of the world,
O mirage of the sea,
Cloud-built and foam-impearled,
What sorcery fashioned thee?

Off Monomoy.

What architect of dream,
What painter of desire,
Conceived that fairy scheme
Touched with fantastic fire?

Even so our city of hope
We mortal dreamers rear
Upon the perilous slope
Above the deep of fear;

Leaving half-known the good
Our kindly earth bestows,
For the feigned beatitude
Of a future no man knows.

Lord of the summer sea,
Whose tides are in thy hand,
Into immensity
The vision at thy command

Fades now, and leaves no sign, —
No light nor bell nor buoy, —
Only the faint low line
Of dangerous Monomoy.

THE WORLD VOICE.

I HEARD the summer sea
Murmuring to the shore
Some endless story of a wrong
The whole world must deplore.

I heard the mountain wind
Conversing with the trees
Of an old sorrow of the hills,
Mysterious as the sea's.

And all that haunted day
It seemed that I could hear
The echo of an ancient speech
Ring in my listening ear.

And then it came to me,
That all that I had heard
Was my own heart in the sea's voice
And the wind's lonely word.

PHI BETA KAPPA POEM.

HARVARD, 1914

SIR, friends, and scholars, we are here to serve
A high occasion. Our New England wears
All her unrivalled beauty as of old;
And June, with scent of bayberry and rose
And song of orioles — as she only comes
By Massachusetts Bay — is here once more,
Companioning our fête of fellowship.

The open trails, South, West, and North, lead back
From populous cities or from lonely plains,
Ranch, pulpit, office, factory, desk, or mill,
To this fair tribunal of ambitious youth,
The shadowy town beside the placid Charles,
Where Harvard waits us through the passing years,
Conserving and administering still
Her savor for the gladdening of the race.

*Phi Beta
Kappa
Poem.*

Yearly, of all the sons she has sent forth,
And men her admiration would adopt,
She summons whom she will back to her side
As if to ask, "How fares my cause of truth
In the great world beyond these studious walls?"
Here, from their store of life experience,
They must make answer as grace is given them,
And their plain creed, in verity, declare.
Among the many, there is sometimes called
One who, like Arnold's scholar gypsy poor,
Is but a seeker on the dusky way,
"Still waiting for the spark from heaven to fall."

He must bethink him first of other days,
And that old scholar of the seraphic smile,
As we recall him in this very place
With all the sweetest culture of his age,
His gentle courtesy and friendliness,
A chivalry of soul now strangely rare,
And that ironic wit which made him, too,
The unflinching critic and most dreaded foe
Of all things mean, unlovely, and untrue.
What Mr. Norton said, with that slow smile,
Has put the fear of God in many a heart,
Even while his hand encouraged eager youth.

From such enheartening who would not dare to
speak —

Seeing no truth can be too small to serve,
And no word worthless that is born of love?
Within the noisy workshop of the world,
Where still the strife is upward out of gloom,
Men doubt the value of high teaching — cry,
“What use is learning? Man must have his will!
The élan of life alone is paramount!
Away with old traditions! We are free!”
So folly mocks at truth in Freedom’s name.
Pale Anarchy leads on, with furious shriek,
Her envious horde of reckless malcontents
And mad destroyers of the Commonwealth,
While Privilege with indifference grows corrupt,
Till the Republic stands in jeopardy
From following false idols and ideals,
Though sane men cry for honesty once more,
Order and duty and self-sacrifice.

Our world and all it holds of good for us
Our fathers and unselfish mothers made,
With noble passion and enduring toil,
Strenuous, frugal, reverent, and elate,
Caring above all else to guard and save
The ampler life of the intelligence
And the fine honor of a scrupulous code —
Ideals of manhood touched with the divine.

For this they founded these great schools we
serve,
Harvard, Columbia, Princeton, Dartmouth, Yale,
Amherst and Williams, trusting to our hands
The heritage of all they held most high,
Possessions of the spirit and the mind,
Investments in the provinces of joy.

*Phi Beta
Kappa
Poem.*

Vast provinces are these ! And fortunate they
Who at their will may go adventuring there,
Exploring all the boundaries of Truth,
Learning the roads that run through Beauty's realm,
Sighting the pinnacles where Good meets God,
Encompassed by the eternal unknown sea !

Even for a little to o'erlook those lands,
The kingdoms of Religion, Science, Art,
Is to be made forever happier
With blameless memories that shall bring content
And inspiration for all after days.
And fortunate they whom destiny allows
To rest within those provinces and serve
The dominion of ideals all their lives.
For whoso will, putting dull greed aside,
And holding fond allegiance to the best,
May dwell there and find fortitude and joy.

In the free fellowship of kindred minds,
One band of scholar gypsies I have known,
Whose purpose all unworldly was to find
An answer to the riddle of the Earth —
A key that should unlock the book of life
And secrets of its sorceries reveal.

This, they discovered, had long since been found
And laid aside forgotten and unused.
Our dark young poet who from Dartmouth came
Was told the secret by his gypsy bride,
Who had it from a master over seas,
And he it was first hinted to the band
The magic of that universal lore,
Before the great Mysteriarch summoned him.
It was the doctrine of the threefold life,
The beginning of the end of all their doubt.

*Phi Beta
Kappa
Poem.*

In that Victorian age it has become
So much the fashion now to half despise,
Within the shadow of Cathedral walls
They had been schooled, and heard the mellow
chimes
For Lenten litanies and daily prayers,
With a mild, eloquent, beloved voice
Exhorting to all virtue and that peace
Surpassing understanding — casting there
That “last enchantment of the Middle Age,”
The spell of Oxford and her ritual.

So duteous youth was trained, until there grew
Restive outreaching in men’s thought to find
Some certitude beyond the dusk of faith.
They cried on mysticism to be gone,
Mazed in the shadowy principdom of the soul.

Then as old creeds fell round them into dust,
They reached through science to belief in law,
Made reason paramount in man, and guessed
At reigning mind within the universe.
Piecing the fragments of a fair design
With reverent patience and courageous skill,
They saw the world from chaos step by step,
Under far-seeing guidance and restraint,
Emerge to order and to symmetry,
As logical and sure as music’s own.

With Spencer, Darwin, Tyndall, and the rest,
Our band saw roads of knowledge open wide
Through the uncharted province of the truth,
As on they fared through that unfolding world.

Yet there they found no rest-house for the heart,
No wells sufficient for the spirit's thirst,
No shade nor glory for the senses starved. . . .
Turning — they fled by moonlit trails to seek
The magic principality of Art,
Where loveliness, not learning, rules supreme.
They stood intoxicated with delight before
The poised unanxious splendor of the Greek;
They mused upon the Gothic minsters gray,
Where mystic spirit took on mighty form,
Until their prayers to lovely churches turned —
(Like a remembrance of the Middle Age
They rose where Ralph or Bertram dreamed in
stone);
Entranced they trod a painters' paradise,
Where color wasted by the Scituate shore
Between the changing marshes and the sea;
They heard the golden voice of poesie
Lulling the senses with its last caress
In Tennysonian accents pure and fine;
And all their laurels were for Beauty's brow,
Though toiling Reason went ungarlanded.

*Phi Beta
Kappa
Poem.*

Then poisonous weeds of artifice sprang up,
Defiling Nature at her sacred source;
And there the questing World-soul could not stay,
Onward must journey with the changing time,
To come to this uncouth rebellious age,
Where not an ancient creed nor courtesy
Is underided, and each demagogue
Cries some new nostrum for the cure of ills.
To-day the unreasoning iconoclast
Would scoff at science and abolish art,
To let untutored impulse rule the world.

Let learning perish, and the race returns
To that first anarchy from which we came,
When spirit moved upon the deep and laid
The primal chaos under cosmic law.

And even now, in all our wilful might,
The satiated being cannot bide,
But to that austere country turns again,
The little province of the saints of God,
Where lofty peaks rise upward to the stars
From the gray twilight of Gethsemane,
And spirit dares to climb with wounded feet
Where justice, peace, and loving kindness are.
What says the lore of human power we hold
Through all these striving and tumultuous days?
"Why not accept each several bloom of good,
Without discarding good already gained,
As one might weed a garden overgrown —
Save the new shoots, yet not destroy the old?
Only the fool would root up his whole patch
Of fragrant flowers, to plant the newer seed."

Ah, softly, brothers! Have we not the key,
Whose first fine luminous use Plotinus gave,
Teaching that ecstasy must lead the man?
Three things, we see, men in this life require,
(As they are needed in the universe):
First of all spirit, energy, or love,
The soul and mainspring of created things;
Next wisdom, knowledge, culture, discipline,
To guide impetuous spirit to its goal;
And lastly strength, the sound apt instrument,
Adjusted and controlled to lawful needs.

The next world-teacher must be one whose word
Shall reaffirm the primacy of soul,
Hold scholarship in her high guiding place,
And recognize the body's equal right
To culture such as it has never known,
In power and beauty serving soul and mind.

*Phi Beta
Kappa
Poem.*

Inheritors of this divine ideal,
With courage to be fine as well as strong,
Shall know what common manhood may become,
Regain the gladness of the sons of morn,
The radiance of immortality.

Out of heroic wanderings of the past,
And all the wayward gropings of our time,
Unswerved by doubt, unconquered by despair,
The messengers of such a hope must go;
As one who hears far off before the dawn,
On some lone trail among the darkling hills,
The hermit thrushes in the paling dusk,
And at the omen lifts his eyes to see
Above him, with its silent shafts of light,
The sunrise kindling all the peaks with fire.

A MOUNTAIN GATEWAY.

I KNOW a vale where I would go one day,
When June comes back and all the world
once more
Is glad with summer. Deep in shade it lies
A mighty cleft between the bosoming hills,
A cool dim gateway to the mountains' heart.

On either side the wooded slopes come down,
Hemlock and beech and chestnut. Here and there
Through the deep forest laurel spreads and
gleams,
Pink-white as Daphne in her loveliness.
Among the sunlit shadows I can see
That still perfection from the world withdrawn,
As if the wood-gods had arrested there
Immortal beauty in her breathless flight.

The road winds in from the broad river-lands,
Luring the happy traveller turn by turn
Up to the lofty mountains of the sky.
And as he marches with uplifted face,
Far overhead against the arching blue
Gray ledges overhang from dizzy heights,
Scarred by a thousand winters and untamed.

And where the road runs in the valley's foot,
Through the dark woods a mountain stream comes
down,
Singing and dancing all its youth away
Among the boulders and the shallow runs,
Where sunbeams pierce and mossy tree trunks
hang
Drenched all day long with murmuring sound and
spray.

There light of heart and footfree, I would go
Up to my home among the lasting hills.
Nearing the day's end, I would leave the road,
Turn to the left and take the steeper trail
That climbs among the hemlocks, and at last
In my own cabin doorway sit me down,

Companioned in that leafy solitude
By the wood ghosts of twilight and of peace,
While evening passes to absolve the day
And leave the tranquil mountains to the stars.

*A Mountain Gate-
way.*

And in that sweet seclusion I should hear,
Among the cool-leaved beeches in the dusk,
The calm-voiced thrushes at their twilight hymn.
So undistraught, so rapturous, so pure,
They well might be, in wisdom and in joy,
The seraphs singing at the birth of time
The unworn ritual of eternal things.

THE HOMESTEAD.

HERE we came when love was young.
Now that love is old,
Shall we leave the floor unswept
And the hearth acold?

Here the hill-wind in the dusk,
Wandering to and fro,
Moves the moonflowers, like a ghost
Of the long ago.

Here from every doorway looks
A remembered face,
Every sill and panel wears
A familiar grace.

Let the windows smile again
To the morning light,
And the door stand open wide
When the moon is bright.

*The
Homestead.*

Let the breeze of twilight blow
Through the silent hall,
And the dreaming rafters hear
How the thrushes call.

Oh, be merciful and fond
To the house that gave
All its best to shelter love,
Built when love was brave!

Here we came when love was young.
Now that love is old,
Never let its day be lone,
Nor its heart acold!

AT SUNRISE.

NOW the stars have faded
In the purple chill,
Lo, the sun is kindling
On the eastern hill.

Tree by tree the forest
Takes the golden tinge,
As the shafts of glory
Pierce the summit's fringe.

Rock by rock the ledges
Take the rosy sheen,
As the tide of splendor
Floods the dark ravine.

Like a shining angel
At my cabin door,
Shod with hope and silence,
Day is come once more.

At Sunrise.

Then, as if in sorrow
That you are not here,
All his magic beauties
Gray and disappear.

AT TWILIGHT.

NOW the fire is lighted
On the chimney stone,
Day goes down the valley,
I am left alone.

Now the misty purple
Floods the darkened vale,
And the stars come out
On the twilight trail.

The mountain river murmurs
In his rocky bed,
And the stealthy shadows
Fill the house with dread.

Then I hear your laughter
At the open door, —
Brightly burns the fire,
I need fear no more.

NIGHT LYRIC.

ON the world's far edges
Faint and blue,
Where the rocky ledges
Stand in view,

Fades the rosy tender
Evening light ;
Then in starry splendor
Comes the night.

So a stormy lifetime
Comes to close,
Spirit's mortal strifetide
Finds repose.

Faith and toil and vision
Crowned at last,
Failure and derision
Overpast,—

All the daylight splendor
Far above,
Calm and sure and tender
Comes thy love.

WEATHER OF THE SOUL.

THERE is a world of being
We range from pole to pole,
Through seasons of the spirit
And weather of the soul.

It has its new-born Aprils,
With gladness in the air,
Its golden Junes of rapture,
Its winters of despair.

*Weather of
the Soul.*

And in its tranquil autumns
We halt to re-enforce
Our tattered scarlet pennons
With valor and resource.

From undiscovered regions
Only the angels know,
Great winds of aspiration
Perpetually blow,

To free the sap of impulse
From torpor of distrust,
And into flowers of joyance
Quicken the sentient dust.

From nowhere of a sudden
Loom sudden clouds of fault,
With thunders of oppression
And lightnings of revolt.

With hush of apprehension
And quaking of the heart,
There breed the storms of anger,
And floods of sorrow start.

And there shall fall, — how gently! —
To make them fertile yet,
The rain of absolution
On acres of regret.

*Weather of
the Soul.*

Till snows of mercy cover
The dream that shall come true,
When time makes all things wondrous,
And life makes all things new.

WOODLAND RAIN.

SHINING, shining children
Of the summer rain,
Racing down the valley,
Sweeping o'er the plain!

Rushing through the forest,
Pelting on the leaves,
Drenching down the meadow
With its standing sheaves;

Robed in royal silver,
Girt with jewels gay,
With a gust of gladness
You pass upon your way.

Fresh, ah, fresh behind you,
Sunlit and impearled,
As it was in Eden,
Lies the lovely world!

THE TENT OF NOON.

BEHOLD, now, where the pageant of high
June
Halts in the glowing noon !
The trailing shadows rest on plain and hill ;
The bannered hosts are still,
While over forest crown and mountain head
The azure tent is spread.

The song is hushed in every woodland throat ;
Moveless the lilies float ;
Even the ancient ever-murmuring sea
Sighs only fitfully ;
The cattle drowse in the field-corner's shade ;
Peace on the world is laid.

It is the hour when Nature's caravan,
That bears the pilgrim Man
Across the desert of uncharted time
To his far hope sublime,
Rests in the green oasis of the year,
As if the end drew near.

Ah, traveller, hast thou naught of thanks or praise
For these fleet halcyon days ? —
No courage to uplift thee from despair
Born with the breath of prayer ?
Then turn thee to the lilyed field once more !
God stands in his tent door.

SUMMER STORM.

THE hilltop trees are bowing
Under the coming of storm.
The low gray clouds are trailing
Like squadrons that sweep and form,
With their ammunition of rain.

Then the trumpeter wind gives signal
To unlimber the viewless guns;
The cattle huddle together;
Indoors the farmer runs;
And the first shot lashes the pane.

They charge through the quiet orchard;
One pear tree is snapped like a wand;
As they sweep from the shattered hillside,
Ruffling the blackened pond,
Ere the sun takes the field again.

DANCE OF THE SUNBEAMS.

WHEN morning is high o'er the hilltops,
On river and stream and lake,
Wherever a young breeze whispers,
The sun-clad dancers wake.

One after one up-springing,
They flash from their dim retreat.
Merry as running laughter
Is the news of their twinkling feet.

Over the floors of azure
Wherever the wind-flaws run,
Sparkling, leaping, and racing,
Their antics scatter the sun.

*Dance of
the Sun-
beams.*

As long as water ripples
And weather is clear and glad,
Day after day they are dancing,
Never a moment sad.

But when through the field of heaven
The wings of storm take flight,
At a touch of the flying shadows
They falter and slip from sight.

Until at the gray day's ending,
As the squadrons of cloud retire,
They pass in the triumph of sunset
With banners of crimson fire.

THE CAMPFIRE OF THE SUN.

LO, now, the journeying sun,
Another day's march done,
Kindles his campfire at the edge of night!
And in the twilight pale
Above his crimson trail,
The stars move out their cordons still and bright.

Now in the darkening hush
A solitary thrush
Sings on in silvery rapture to the deep;
While brooding on her best,
The wandering soul has rest,
And earth receives her sacred gift of sleep.

MOONRISE.

A^T the end of the road through the wood
I see the great moon rise.
The fields are flooded with shine,
And my soul with surmise.

What if that mystic orb
With her shadowy beams,
Should be the revealer at last
Of my darkest dreams!

What if this tender fire
In my heart's deep hold
Should be wiser than all the lore
Of the sages of old!

THE QUEEN OF NIGHT.

M^{ORTAL}, mortal, have you seen
In the scented summer night,
Great Astarte, clad in green
With a veil of mystic light,
Passing on her silent way,
Pale and lovelier than day?

Mortal, mortal, have you heard,
On an odorous summer eve,
Rumors of an unknown word
Bidding sorrow not to grieve, —
Echoes of a silver voice
Bidding every heart rejoice?

Mortal, when the slim new moon *The Queen*
Hangs above the western hill, *of Night.*
When the year comes round to June
And the leafy world is still,
Then, enraptured, you shall hear
Secrets for a poet's ear.

Mortal, mortal, come with me,
When the moon is rising large,
Through the wood or from the sea,
Or by some lone river marge.
There, entranced, you shall behold
Beauty's self, that grows not old.

SUMMER STREAMS.

ALL day long beneath the sun
A Shining through the fields they run,

Singing in a cadence known
To the seraphs round the throne.

And the traveller drawing near
Through the meadow, halts to hear

Anthems of a natural joy
No disaster can destroy.

All night long from set of sun
Through the starry woods they run,

Singing through the purple dark
Songs to make a traveller hark.

*Summer
Streams.* All night long, when winds are low,
Underneath my window go

The immortal happy streams,
Making music through my dreams.

THE GOD OF THE WOOD.

HERE all the forces of the wood
As one converge,
To make the soul of solitude
Where all things merge.

The sun, the rain-wind, and the rain,
The visiting moon,
The hurrying cloud by peak and plain,
Each with its boon.

Here power attains perfection still
In mighty ease,
That the great earth may have her will
Of joy and peace.

And so through me, the mortal born
Of plasmic clay,
Immortal powers, kind, fierce, forlorn,
And glad, have sway.

Eternal passions, ardors fine,
And monstrous fears,
Rule and rebel, serene, malign,
Or loosed in tears;

Until at last they shall evolve
From griefs and joys
Some steady light, some firm resolve,
Some Godlike poise.

*The God of
the Wood.*

THE GIFT.

I SAID to Life, "How comes it,
With all this wealth in store,
Of beauty, joy, and knowledge,
Thy cry is still for more?"

"Count all the years of striving
To make thy burden less, —
The things designed and fashioned
To gladden thy success !

"The treasures sought and gathered
Thy lightest whim to please, —
The loot of all the ages,
The spoil of all the seas !

"Is there no end of labor,
No limit to thy need?
Must man go bowed forever
In bondage to thy greed?"

With tears of pride and passion
She answered, "God above!
I only wait the asking,
To spend it all for love !"

THE GIVERS OF LIFE.

I.

✓ WHO called us forth out of darkness and
gave us the gift of life,
Who set our hands to the toiling, our feet in the
field of strife?

Darkly they mused, predestined to knowledge of
viewless things,
Sowing the seed of wisdom, guarding the living
springs.

✓ Little they reckoned privation, hunger or hardship or cold,
If only the life might prosper, and the joy that
grows not old.

With sorceries subtler than music, with knowledge older than speech,
Gentle as wind in the wheat-field, strong as the
tide on the beach,

Out of their beauty and longing, out of their
raptures and tears,
In patience and pride they bore us, to war with
the warring years.

2.

Who looked on the world before them, and summoned and chose our sires,
Subduing the wayward impulse to the will of
their deep desires?

Sovereigns of ultimate issues under the greater laws, *The Givers of Life.*
Theirs was the mystic mission of the eternal cause;

Confident, tender, courageous, leaving the low for the higher,
Lifting the feet of the nations out of the dust and the mire;

Luring civilization on to the fair and new,
Given God's bidding to follow, having God's business to do.

3.
Who strengthened our souls with courage, and taught us the ways of Earth?
Who gave us our patterns of beauty, our standards of flawless worth?

Mothers, unmilitant, lovely, moulding our manhood then,
Walked in their woman's glory, swaying the might of men.

They schooled us to service and honor, modest and clean and fair, —
The code of their worth of living, taught with the sanction of prayer.

They were our sharers of sorrow, they were our makers of joy,
Lighting the lamp of manhood in the heart of the lonely boy.

*The Givers
of Life.*

Haloed with love and with wonder, in sheltered
ways they trod,
Seers of sublime divination, keeping the truce of
God.

4.

Who called us from youth and dreaming, and
set ambition alight,
And made us fit for the contest, — men, by their
tender rite?

Sweethearts above our merit, charming our
strength and skill
To be the pride of their loving, to be the means
of their will.

If we be the builders of beauty, if we be the
masters of art,
Theirs were the gleaming ideals, theirs the uplift
of the heart.

Truly they measure the lightness of trapping
and ease and fame,
For the teeming desire of their yearning is ever
and ever the same:

To crown their lovers with gladness, to clothe
their sons with delight,
And see the men of their making lords in the
best man's right.

Lavish of joy and labor, broken only by wrong,
These are the guardians of being, spirited, serene
tiant and strong.

Theirs is the starry vision, theirs the inspiring hope,
Since Night, the brooding enchantress, promised
that day should ope. *The Givers
of Life.*

5.
Lo, we have built and invented, reasoned, discovered and planned,
To rear us a palace of splendor, and make us a
heaven by hand.

We are shaken with dark misgiving, as kingdoms rise and fall;
But the women who went to found them are
never counted at all.

Versed in the soul's traditions, skilled in humanity's
lore,
They wait for their crown of rapture, and weep for
the sins of war.

And behold they turn from our triumphs, as it
was in the first of days,
For a little heaven of ardor and a little heartening
of praise.

These are the rulers of kingdoms beyond the
domains of state,
Martyrs of all men's folly, over-rulers of fate.

These we will love and honor, these we will
serve and defend,
Fulfilling the pride of nature, till nature shall
have an end.

*The Givers
of Life.*

This is the code unwritten, this is the creed we
hold,
Guarding the little and lonely, gladdening the
helpless and old, —

✓ Apart from the brunt of the battle our wondrous
women shall bide,
For the sake of a tranquil wisdom and the need
of a spirit's guide.

✓ Come they into assembly, or keep they another
door,
Our makers of life shall lighten the days as the
years of yore.

The lure of their laughter shall lead us, the lilt
of their words shall sway.
Though life and death should defeat us, their
solace shall be our stay.

Veiled in mysterious beauty, vested in magical
grace,
They have walked with angels at twilight and
looked upon glory's face.

Life we will give for their safety, care for their
fruitful ease,
Though we break at the toiling benches or go
down in the smoky seas.

✓ This is the gospel appointed to govern a world
of men,
Till love has died, and the echoes have whis-
pered the last Amen.

IN THE DAY OF BATTLE.

IN the day of battle,
In the night of dread,
Let one hymn be lifted,
Let one prayer be said.

Not for pride of conquest,
Not for vengeance wrought,
Nor for peace and safety
With dishonor bought !

Praise for faith in freedom,
Our fighting fathers' stay,
Born of dreams and daring,
Bred above dismay.

Prayer for cloudless vision,
And the valiant hand,
That the right may triumph
To the last demand.

PEACE.

THE sleeping tarn is dark
Below the wooded hill.
Save for its homing sounds,
The twilit world grows still.

And I am left to muse
In grave-eyed mystery,
And watch the stars come out
As sandalled dusk goes by.

Peace. And now the light is gone,
The drowsy murmurs cease,
And through the still unknown
I wonder whence comes peace.

Then softly falls the word
Of one beyond a name,
“Peace only comes to him
Who guards his life from shame, —

“Who gives his heart to love,
And holding truth for guide,
Girds him with fearless strength,
That freedom may abide.”

TREES.

IN the Garden of Eden, planted by God,
There were goodly trees in the springing
sod, —

Trees of beauty and height and grace,
To stand in splendor before His face.

Apple and hickory, ash and pear,
Oak and beech and the tulip rare,

The trembling aspen, the noble pine,
The sweeping elm by the river line ;

Trees for the birds to build and sing,
And the lilac tree for a joy in spring ;

Trees to turn at the frosty call
And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

Trees.

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade,
Trees for the cunning builder's trade;

Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail,
The keel and the mast of the daring sail;

He made them of every grain and girth
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.

Then lest the soul should not lift her eyes
From the gift to the Giver of Paradise,

On the crown of a hill, for all to see,
God planted a scarlet maple tree.

IN OCTOBER.

NOW come the rosy dogwoods,
The golden tulip-tree,
And the scarlet yellow maple,
To make a day for me.

The ash-trees on the ridges,
The alders in the swamp,
Put on their red and purple
To join the autumn pomp.

The woodbine hangs her crimson
Along the pasture wall,
And all the bannered sumacs
Have heard the frosty call.

In October. Who then so dead to valor
As not to raise a cheer,
When all the woods are marching
In triumph of the year?

A FIRESIDE VISION.

ONCE I walked the world enchanted
Through the scented woods of spring,
Hand in hand with Love, in rapture
Just to hear a bluebird sing.

Now the lonely winds of autumn
Moan about my gusty eaves,
As I sit beside the fire
Listening to the flying leaves.

As the dying embers settle
And the twilight falls apace,
Through the gloom I see a vision
Full of ardor, full of grace.

When the Architect of Beauty
Breathed the lyric soul in man,
Lo, the being that he fashioned
Was of such a mould and plan !

Bravely through the deepening shadows
Moves that figure half divine,
With its tenderness of bearing,
With its dignity of line.

Eyes more wonderful than evening *A Fireside*
With the new moon on the hill, *Vision.*
Mouth with traces of God's humor
In its corners lurking still.

Ah, she smiles, in recollection ;
Lays a hand upon my brow ;
Rests this head upon Love's bosom !
Surely it is April now !

THE BLUE HERON.

I SEE the great blue heron
Rising among the reeds
And floating down the wind,
Like a gliding sail
With the set of the stream.

I hear the two-horse mower
Clacking among the hay,
In the heat of a July noon,
And the driver's voice
As he turns his team.

I see the meadow lilies
Flecked with their darker tan,
The elms, and the great white clouds ;
And all the world
Is a passing dream.

A WINTER PIECE.

OVER the rim of a lacquered bowl,
Where a cold blue water-color stands,
I see the wintry breakers roll
And heave their froth up the freezing sands.

Here in immunity safe and dull,
Soul treads her circuit of trivial things.
There soul's brother, a shining gull,
Dares the rough weather on dauntless wings.

THE GHOST-YARD OF THE GOLDENROD.

WHEN the first silent frost has trod
The ghost-yard of the goldenrod,

And laid the blight of his cold hand
Upon the warm autumnal land,

And all things wait the subtle change
That men call death, is it not strange

That I — without a care or need,
Who only am an idle weed —

Should wait unmoved, so frail, so bold,
The coming of the final cold!

BEFORE THE SNOW.

NOW soon, ah, very soon, I know
The trumpets of the north will blow,
And the great winds will come to bring
The pale wild riders of the snow.

Darkening the sun with level flight,
At arrowy speed, they will alight,
Unnumbered as the desert sands,
To bivouac on the edge of night.

Then I, within their somber ring,
Shall hear a voice that seems to sing,
Deep, deep within my tranquil heart,
The valiant prophecy of spring.

WINTER TWILIGHT.

A LONG the wintry skyline,
Crowning the rocky crest,
Stands the bare screen of hardwood trees
Against the saffron west, —
Its gray and purple network
Of branching tracery
Outspread upon the lucent air,
Like weed within the sea.

The scarlet robe of autumn
Renounced and put away,
The mystic Earth is fairer still, —
A Puritan in gray.
The spirit of the winter,
How tender, how austere!
Yet all the ardor of the spring
And summer's dream are here.

*Winter
Twilight.*

Fear not, O timid lover,
The touch of frost and rime !
This is the virtue that sustained
The roses in their prime.
The anthem of the northwind
Shall hallow thy despair,
The benediction of the snow
Be answer to thy prayer.

And now the star of evening
That is the pilgrim's sign,
Is lighted in the primrose dusk, —
A lamp before a shrine.
Peace fills the mighty minster,
Tranquil and gray and old,
And all the chancel of the west
Is bright with paling gold.

A little wind goes sifting
Along the meadow floor, —
Like steps of lovely penitents
Who sighingly adore.
Then falls the twilight curtain,
And fades the eerie light,
And frost and silence turn the keys
In the great doors of night.

A CHRISTMAS EVE CHORAL.

HALLELUJA !

*What sound is this across the dark
While all the earth is sleeping? Hark !
Halleluja ! Halleluja ! Halleluja !*

Why are thy tender eyes so bright,
Mary, Mary?
On the prophetic deep of night
Joseph, Joseph,
I see the borders of the light,
And in the day that is to be
An aureoled man-child I see,
Great love's son, Joseph.

*A Christ-
mas Eve
Choral.*

Halleluja!
He hears not, but she hears afar,
The Minstrel Angel of the star.
Halleluja! Halleluja! Halleluja!

Why is thy gentle smile so deep,
Mary, Mary?
It is the secret I must keep,
Joseph, Joseph, —
The joy that will not let me sleep,
The glory of the coming days,
When all the world shall turn to praise
God's goodness, Joseph.

Halleluja!
Clear as the bird that brings the morn
She hears the heavenly music borne.
Halleluja! Halleluja! Halleluja!

Why is thy radiant face so calm,
Mary, Mary?
His strength is like a royal palm,
Joseph, Joseph;
His beauty like the victor's psalm,
He moves like morning o'er the lands
And there is healing in his hands
For sorrow, Joseph.

*A Christ-
mas Eve
Choral.*

*Halleluja !
Tender as dew-fall on the earth
She hears the choral of love's birth.
Halleluja ! Halleluja ! Halleluja !*

What is the message come to thee,
Mary, Mary?
I hear like wind within the tree,
Joseph, Joseph,
Or like a far-off melody
His deathless voice proclaiming peace,
And bidding ruthless wrong to cease,
For love's sake, Joseph.

*Halleluja !
Moving as rain-wind in the spring
She hears the angel chorus ring.
Halleluja ! Halleluja ! Halleluja !*

Why are thy patient hands so still,
Mary, Mary?
I see the shadow on the hill,
Joseph, Joseph,
And wonder if it is God's will
That courage, service, and glad youth
Shall perish in the cause of truth
Forever, Joseph.

*Halleluja !
Her heart in that celestial chime
Has heard the harmony of time.
Halleluja ! Halleluja ! Halleluja !*

Why is thy voice so strange and far, *A Christ-*
Mary, Mary? *mas Eve*
I see the glory of the star, *Choral.*
Joseph, Joseph,
And in its light all things that are
Made glad and wise beyond the sway
Of death and darkness and dismay,
In God's time, Joseph.

Halleluja !
To every heart in love 't is given
To hear the ecstasy of heaven.
Halleluja ! Halleluja ! Halleluja !

THE SENDING OF THE MAGI.

IN a far Eastern country
It happened long of yore,
Where a lone and level sunrise
Flushes the desert floor,
That three kings sat together
And a spearman kept the door.

Gaspar, whose wealth was counted
By city and caravan ;
With Melchior, the seer
Who read the starry plan ;
And Balthasar, the blameless,
Who loved his fellow man.

There while they talked, a sudden
Strange rushing sound arose,
And as with startled faces
They thought upon their foes,
Three figures stood before them
In imperial repose.

*The Send-
ing of the
Magi.*

One in flame-gold and one in blue
And one in scarlet clear,
With the almighty portent
Of sunrise they drew near !
And the kings made obeisance
With hand on breast, in fear.

“ Arise,” said they, “ we bring you
Good tidings of great peace !
To-day a power is wakened
Whose working must increase,
Till fear and greed and malice
And violence shall cease.”

The messengers were Michael,
By whom all things are wrought
To shape and hue ; and Gabriel
Who is the lord of thought ;
And Rafael without whose love
All toil must come to nought.

Then Rafael said to Balthasar,
“ In a country west from here
A lord is born in lowliness,
In love without a peer.
Take grievances and gifts to him
And prove his kingship clear !

“ By this sign ye shall know him ;
Within his mother’s arm
Among the sweet-breathed cattle
He slumbers without harm,
While wicked hearts are troubled .
And tyrants take alarm.”

And Gabriel said to Melchior,
"My comrade, I will send
My star to go before you,
That ye may comprehend
Where leads your mystic learning
In a humaner trend."

*The Send-
ing of the
Magi.*

And Michael said to Gaspar,
"Thou royal builder, go
With tribute of thy riches !
Though time shall overthrow
Thy kingdom, no undoing
His gentle might shall know."

Then while the kings' hearts greatedened
And all the chamber shone,
As when the hills at sundown
Take a new glory on
And the air thrills with purple,
Their visitors were gone.

Then straightway up rose Gaspar,
Melchior and Balthasar,
And passed out through the murmur
Of palace and bazar,
To make without misgiving
The journey of the Star.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

ABOVE the weary waiting world,
Asleep in chill despair,
There breaks a sound of joyous bells
Upon the frosted air.
And o'er the humblest roof-tree, lo,
A star is dancing on the snow.

What makes the yellow star to dance
Upon the brink of night?
What makes the breaking dawn to glow
So magically bright, —
And all the earth to be renewed
With infinite beatitude?

The singing bells, the throbbing star,
The sunbeams on the snow,
And the awakening heart that leaps
New ecstasy to know, —
They all are dancing in the morn
Because a little child is born.

WINTER STREAMS.

NOW the little rivers go
Muffled safely under snow,
And the winding meadow streams
Murmur in their wintry dreams,
While a tinkling music wells
Faintly from their icy bells,
Telling how their hearts are bold
Though the very sun be cold.

Ah, but wait until the rain
Comes a-sighing once again,

*Winter
Streams.*

Sweeping softly from the Sound
Over ridge and meadow ground!

Then the little streams will hear
April calling far and near, —

Slip their snowy bands and run
Sparkling in the welcome sun.

